

February 1, 1943.  
Lee:  
you this time is a  
the Yank:

thing:  
to blame;  
I'm well,  
name.

re we sailed from  
the date,

a number  
t I've ate.

re we are going  
here we'll land  
inform you  
and.

weather  
here's rain,  
secrets  
remain.

flash light  
at night,  
a cigarette  
sight.

liary,  
sin,  
e envelope  
came in.

sure  
an write  
is my letter,  
ood-Night."

McLaughlin, Avi-  
an Third Class,  
boro, West Vir-  
ed from an eight-  
combat duty in  
e he served as an  
Navy patrol. As  
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en by-passed by  
can forces.

e "Devilish Pv-  
Bombing Squad-  
crewman helped  
ate the Japanese  
en left behind on  
Nauru, Ocean,  
agan, Rota, and

s. L. P. McLau-  
ro, the 34-year-  
s married to the  
Hanna Smith.  
avy in Septem-  
ceived his train-  
stations in Ala-  
malis, California,

### COUNTY BOY BEATS BOMBS

(The following story was written by Sgt. Wallace R. McLain, Glendale, Cal., a marine corps combat correspondent, and distributed by the Associated Press.)

Master Tech. Sgt. Harry S. McClung, 29, USMC, of Spring Creek, Greenbrier county, who describes himself as the "fastest man into a foxhole," recently returned from almost a year overseas with one of the first marine torpedo plane squadrons.

His unit was the first of its kind to see action in the South Pacific, operating from Guadalcanal, where he underwent 78 enemy bombings and shellings.

"Bombs have hit as close as 25 yards from me," he declared, "but I never got a scratch. When Jap bombers came over our camp area I guess I just naturally moved quicker than the rest of the boys.

"I held the squadron record for being the fastest man to get into a foxhole."

McClung related how the marine mechanics made over trucks and other equipment left by the retreating enemy, and then operated them on captured Japanese gasoline.

"I guess my closest call was the night when a Jap plane came in with a flight of our own returning aircraft," he continued. "First thing we knew he was laying a string of bombs along the edge of the airfield, right while our planes were landing."

The marine, who enlisted Feb. 2, 1937, served on fleet maneuvers in the Caribbean. His tour of duty included San Juan, Puerto Rico and the Virgin islands. He's heading home now, for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry McClung of Spring Creek.

Harper Waugh, S 1 c, is home from the Navy on short leave with his mother, Mrs. Myrtle Waugh. He has been in the Navy fourteen months. His service has been in the Atlantic up to this time.

Private Charles J. Forren has returned to his home near Seebert, with an honorable discharge from the Army. He was wounded in Sicily on August 2, 1943. He has been awarded the Purple Heart, also the Combat Infantry Badge.

Capt. Tommie Sydenstricker of Providence, R. I., is spending a furlough here with his wife and daughter.

Preston McLaughlin, of the Navy, serving in the Pacific, is home on a months leave.

### PRIVATE FIRST CLASS BASIL C. SHARP

Notice came on Monday from the War Department announcing the death of Private First Class Basil Claire Sharp, on December 23, 1944, from wounds received in action in Germany. He was a member of the 45th Division of the Seventh Army. He had been in service about ten months, and overseas since mid-summer.

Basil C. Sharp, aged 30 years, was a son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest G. Sharp, of Frost. His three brothers, Rex, Lyle and Blair are in the armed service.

He married Miss Jane S. Price, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin W. Price. She and their three children, Basil Price, John Calvin and Jane Rutledge survive.

Thus is noted the passing of an outstanding young citizen and a brave soldier. He prepared himself for a life of usefulness and leadership. By his own efforts he put himself through college. Upon his graduation at Davis and Eikins College, he taught for five terms in Hillsboro High School and directed athletic activities. In March 1944, he entered the Army.

In religion, Basil was a working member of the Presbyterian Church.

Whether at work or play, in his calling as a teacher or his endeavors as a churchman, in the pursuits of peace or in the grim realities of war, this outstanding young man did with his might what his hands found to do.

"Soldier, rest, thy warfare o'er."

### IN THE ARMED SERVICE

Sgt. Harry B. Stuart of 30th Chem. Co., Los Angeles, Calif., spent a few days here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stuart.

Pvt. Leonard Fuller has returned to Camp Van Dorn, Miss., after spending a furlough at his home near Frankford.

John B. Fisher, Lt. USNR, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Fisher of Frankford, after training at Miami, Fla., has left for overseas service.



# Foot Sloggers

By Ernie Pyle

el Grafton's column for today was not re-  
In its place we are reprinting one of Ernie  
best columns, his description of and tribute  
infantrymen.)

FRONT LINES BEFORE MATEUR, May, 1943  
e now with an infantry outfit that has bat-  
lessly for four days and nights.

thern warfare has been in the mountains.  
ride much any more. It is walking and  
nd crawling country. The mountains aren't  
ey are constant. They are largely treeless.  
easy to defend and bitter to take. But we  
them.

mans lie on the back slope of every ridge,  
g into foxholes. In front of them the fields  
res are hideous with thousands of hidden  
e forward slopes are left open, untenanted,  
Americans tried to scale these slopes they  
murdered wholesale in an inferno of ma-  
crossfire plus mortars and grenades.

ently we don't do it that way. We have  
to the old warfare of first pulverizing the  
h artillery, then sweeping around the ends  
l with infantry and taking them from the  
behind.

\* \* \*  
en before how the big guns crack and roar  
constantly throughout the day and night.  
screen ahead of our troops. By magnificent  
hey drop shells on the back slopes. By  
shells timed to burst in the air a few feet  
round, they get the Germans even in their  
Our troops have found that the Germans  
s down and then under, trying to get cover  
hell bursts that shower death from above.

lery has really been sensational. For once  
nough of something and at the right time.  
ll me they actually have more guns than  
what to do with.

guns in any one sector can be centered to  
e spot. And when we lay the whole bus-  
a German hill the whole slope seems to  
becomes an unbelievable cauldron of fire  
and dirt. Veteran German soldiers say they  
been through anything like it.

\* \* \*  
the infantry—the God-damned infantry, as  
ke to call themselves.  
e infantry because they are the underdogs.  
the mud-rain-frost-and-wind boys. They  
mforts, and they even learn to live without  
ities. And in the end they are the guys  
can't be won without.

ou could see just one of the ineradicable  
have in my mind today. In this particular  
m sitting among clumps of sword-grass on  
d rocky hillside that we have just taken.  
king out over a vast rolling country to the

y path comes like a ribbon over a hill miles  
n a long slope, across a creek, up a slope  
nother hill.

g the length of this ribbon there is now a  
men. For four days and nights they have

(Please Turn to Page 8)

## I'd Rather Be Right

(Continued From Page 4)

fought hard, eaten little, washed  
none, and slept hardly at all. Their  
nights have been violent with at-  
tack, fright, butchery, and their  
days sleepless and miserable with  
the crash of artillery.

The men are walking. They are  
50 feet apart, for dispersal. Their  
walk is slow, for they are dead  
weary, as you can tell even when  
looking at them from behind. Every  
line and sag of their bodies speaks  
their inhuman exhaustion.

On their shoulders and backs  
they carry heavy steel tripods, ma-  
chine-gun barrels, leaden boxes of  
ammunition. Their feet seem to  
sink into the ground from the over-  
load they are bearing.

They don't slouch. It is the ter-  
rible deliberation of each step that  
spells out their appalling tiredness.  
Their faces are black and unshaven.  
They are young men, but the grime  
and whiskers and exhaustion makes  
them look middle-aged.

In their eyes as they pass is not  
hatred, not excitement, not despair,  
not the tonic of their victory—there  
is just the simple expression of be-  
ing here as though they had been  
here doing this forever, and noth-  
ing else.

The line moves on, but it never  
ends. All afternoon men keep  
coming round the hill and vanish-  
ing eventually over the horizon. It  
is one long tired line of antlike  
men.

**T**HERE is an agony in your heart  
and you almost feel ashamed  
to look at them. They are just  
guys from Broadway and Main St.,  
but you wouldn't remember them.  
They are too far away now. They  
are too tired. Their world can  
never be known to you, but if you  
could see them just once, just for  
an instant, you would know that  
no matter how hard people work  
back home they are not keeping  
pace with these infantrymen in  
Tunisia.

—v—  
Sgt. Carl D. Livesay, returned to his  
post at Camp Lewis, Wash., Friday,  
after spending a ten-day furlough at  
Frankford with his parents, Mr. and  
Mrs. L. B. Livesay.

—v—  
Pvt. Clifton Hinkle, son of Mr. and  
Mrs. M. P. Hinkle of Renick, is a  
patient in an army hospital in Italy.

## HITLER KEEPS WORD

Maor E. E. Kraus quoted a Ger-  
nan prisoner of war working in the  
broom corn harvest near Clovis, N.  
M., as saying:

"Hitler said we'd march across the  
United States, but he didn't tell us  
about pulling cotton and broom corn  
on the way."

## Home From Africa

43  
John T. Bear came home safely  
last Wednesday after a year in  
Africa. He was employed as a  
telephone technician. Much of  
the time he was in Cairo, Egypt.  
He was there several montns be-  
fore it could be known whether  
the Germans and Italians would  
be successful or not in overrun-  
ning Egypt and go on to the cap-  
ture of Suez and points east.  
Once while Mr Bear was in Cairo  
the city was bombed in an air  
raid. While some people were  
killed and others hurt, buildings  
and power lines blown up, it was  
effective from a military point.  
Bombs landed in front of the  
hotel Mr Bear was staying in.  
The concussion knocked him  
across the room.

In going over, Mr Bear was on  
the ocean over a month, going  
around the Cape of Good Hope.  
Just out of New York there was  
a U-boat alarm, with destroyers  
and air planes dropping depth  
bombs. The return trip was also  
the long way around Cape of  
Good Hope, with 34 days requir-  
ed to make the voyage. Among  
the passengers on the boat Mr  
Bear came home on were 500  
German prisoners of war. These  
were brought to New York to be  
taken to Canada.

While away Mr Bear only met  
up with two West Virginians, a  
young man named Doddrell, from  
Webster county, and a young  
office named Crozier, from Prince-  
ton, Mercer county.

Mrs Bear and son Jackie met  
Mr Bear in New York and accom-  
panied him home.



Tribute To The Navy's Seabees  
By: Al Gombert, Knoxville, Tennessee

The Navy needed fighters and the  
Navy needed men,  
So they organized the Seabees who

could fight and work again,  
They took welders, riggers, boiler  
men, butchers, cooks and bakers,  
too,  
They put them in the Navy and  
showed them the proper thing  
thing to do.  
With a machine gun and a rifle  
the Seabees learned to shoot,  
We used a big machete, and a  
thousand other things to boot  
They taught us how to march and  
drill, they taught us how to  
dress  
And we even learned to manage  
to get "seconds at the mess,"  
We learned the Navy lingo, we  
called it "head" and "deck" and  
"swab,"  
We learned just how to "knock  
it off" like any other Gob,  
They taught us all these many  
things in 13 weeks or less,  
And what they didn't teach us, at  
the rest we had to guess.  
When we finished out our train-  
ing, we left for Island "X,"  
We had all our own equipment,  
it sure loaded down our decks  
The Japs they held the Island  
when at last it hove in sight,  
We knew that they were ready so  
we got prepared to fight,  
We landed under heavy fire, there  
was plenty shot and shell,  
But we rushed up to the beach-  
head and we gave them plenty of  
Hell.  
We soon had wiped the Nipponese  
out and then we went to work  
Every Seabee did his duty—not a  
one was seen to shirk,  
We built a mighty landing field,  
a barracks and a dock,  
About a hundred miles of road  
we made from solid rock.  
We got things finally squared a-  
way, it was mighty pretty to be  
seen,  
Then we went back to the beach-  
head, where we saw our first  
Marine.  
They had followed in behind us,  
though they said they got there  
first,  
We had everything completely  
fixed, they could even quench their  
thirst.  
From the hills of Montezuma to  
the shores of Tripoli,  
It used to be the Leathernecks,  
but now it's the Seabees,  
And when we reach the Pearly  
Gates, and stand at Heaven's  
scene,  
There will be a Seabee waiting  
there to greet the first Marine.

"THE HOME GUARD"

By P.F.C. James A. Johnson.

(The author was killed in action  
shortly after this poem was writ-  
ten on the beach at Gona, New  
Guinea.)

I'm pulling all my punches, I've  
flung my week away,  
I think it's been two months at  
least, since I last drew my pay  
I'm tired of being a dogface, so  
me God, I am—  
Of eating molded biscuits, with  
margarine or Spam—  
Of fighting dirty, stinking Japs  
in the bushes on my own,  
When I think of dear old America  
and my pals who stayed at  
home.  
I can see them walking down the  
streets, (their chests puffed  
out with pride)  
And hear them telling to the girls.  
as they save their precious  
hides!  
While I'm here in New Guinea,  
not even safe to show my head  
For fear some skulking Jap might  
fill it full of lead.  
Back when I told the folks at  
home that I'd volunteer to  
fight  
They said "God Bless You, son  
and return you home alright."  
They called me a chocolate sold-  
ier, a twenty-one-dollar tour-  
ist, too,  
They said "You'll never see the

front, or even get a view;  
What's more, you'll have a picnic  
across the ocean's foam."  
But they made damn sure they  
didn't go; they preferred to  
stay at home.  
You know those guys were not  
bad shots when they trailed a  
rabbit track—  
But hell, there ain't no danger,  
see, for rabbits don't shoot  
back,  
They shine among the "stay-at-  
homes" and brag of the Unit-  
ed States,  
But dance halls, bars and pool  
rooms are where they meet  
their fate,  
A cue stick is their rifle, and their  
beer is rich with foam;  
They have no bullets to dodge,  
my pals who stayed at home.  
So I'll mount my post with my ri-  
fle, and buckle my belt about,  
I'm only a common dogface, but  
I'll see this damned thing out  
And if a bullet's got my number,  
I'll just die without a moan;  
But I want to dedicate this espec-  
ially to my pals who stayed  
at home.

The following poem was writ-  
ten and sent to Mrs. Clara Ware,  
by a friend, Sergeant Charles Dex-  
ter, who is now serving with the  
armed forces in New Guinea:

Somewhere In New Guinea

Somewhere in New Guinea where  
the sun is like a curse,  
Where each dull day is replaced

by another slightly worse,  
Where the brick and red dust is  
thicker than the shifting desert  
sands;  
And the white man dreams and  
wishes for a greener and fairer  
land.  
Somewhere in New Guinea where  
a woman's never seen,  
The sky is never cloudy and the  
grass is always green,  
The Jingoos nightly howling robs  
a man of blessed sleep.  
Where there isn't any whiskey,  
and beer is never seen,  
Somewhere in New Guinea where  
the mail is always late,  
Where a Christmas card in April  
is considered up to date.  
Where we never have a pay day  
and we never have a cent,  
We never miss the money cause  
we never get it spent,  
Somewhere in New Guinea where  
the ants and lizards play,  
And a hundred fresh mosquitoes  
replace every one you slay.  
So take us back to San Fran-  
cisco,  
And let us hear the misison bells,  
For this God forsaken post is a  
substitute for h---.



### Thomas L. Beard

Thomas L. Beard, aged 67, died at his home in the Levels on Saturday, January 20, 1945. Two days before his death he suffered a stroke of paralysis. On Tuesday afternoon the funeral was conducted from the home by his pastor, Rev. J. K. Fleming of the Oak Grove Presbyterian Church; interment in McNeel cemetery.

Mr. Beard is survived by his wife, Mrs. Mary Kincaid Beard, and their son, Carl, of the United States Navy, somewhere in the South Pacific. Also by his daughters, Mrs. Cecil Ferguson, Mrs. Albert Covington and Mrs. Lee Ruckman.

Mr. Beard was a son of the late Edgar and Lucy McNeel Beard. His brother is Carl G. Beard, of Hillsboro; and his sister, Mrs. Zed S. Smith, Jr., of Marlinton.

Thus is noted the passing of one of the leading citizens of Pocahontas County and an upright man.

Hillsboro.—Mrs. Winters A. Miller announced the marriage of her daughter, Miss Marilyn Richardson Miller to Chief Boatswain Mate Robert Gorham Smith, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Smith of Washington. The marriage took place in Elizabeth City, N. C., on December 2, 1944. Miss Virginia Miller, of Akron, Ohio, was her sister's only attendant. William Rankin was best man.

Mrs. Smith attended school at Hillsboro and Brownsville, Pa. She has been employed in Charleston. Mr. Smith is a former employe of the Viscose Corporation in Nitro. They reside at 8-A Enfield Apartments, Elizabeth City.

### DEATHS

#### Mrs. Georgia Harper

Funeral services for Mrs. Georgia Harper were conducted by her pastor, Rev. J. K. Fleming at the old Harper home near Hillsboro Saturday afternoon, Dec. 23, 1944; interment was in the family cemetery. The services consisted of the Twenty-third Psalm, a hymn, "Rock of Ages" and two poems: Riley's "Just Away", and Tennyson's "Crossing The Bar." In spite of wintry weather a host of relatives and friends were in attendance. The abundance of Floral designs was a beautiful testimony to the love and esteem in which she was held by her many friends.

Mrs. Georgia Ann Baxter Harper was born May 17, 1878, and died December 21, 1944. She was married to Ernest Fletcher Harper on June 2, 1909, who preceded her in death Oct. 1, 1927. To this union were born four daughters, all of whom survive: Mrs. James K. Rock, East Rainelle; Mrs. Clayborne Hawkins, San Leandro, Cal.; Miss Edna Harper Luray, Va., and Mrs. Elmer Wymer at home.

She was the daughter of George P., and Sarah Ann Poage Baxter and is survived by the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Birdie Slear, of Lewisburg, Pa.; A. O. Baxter, Marlinton; Mrs. Myrtle Duncan, Cass; Mrs. Mabel Smith, Naomi; Mrs. Bessie Pritchard, Dunmore; Frank Baxter, Marlinton, and Mrs. Edith Knox, of Cannelton. She was preceded in death by one sister, Mrs. Allie Patterson, and three brothers: Ellis, Willis and Harry Baxter.

She was educated in the schools of Pocahontas County and for several years was a popular teacher in the schools of the county.

Mrs. Harper was a life-long member of the Presbyterian church. Her membership being in Oak Grove Church in her elderly life.

George P. Edgar, accompanied by Mrs. H. W. McNeel and S. N. Hench, was at Charlottesville over the weekend to see his daughter, Martha Ann Edgar, who is under treatment at the University Hospital.

### DEATHS

#### S. B. Wallace

S. B. Wallace, aged 65 years, died at his home in Marlinton on Tuesday morning, February 6, 1945, after a long illness. On Thursday afternoon, the funeral will be held from the residence by his pastor, Rev. J. C. Wool; interment in the family plot in Mt. View Cemetery.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Hill Wallace, and a brother, Edward Wallace, of Akron, Ohio.

Mr. Wallace was a leading business man of Pocahontas County. Forty-two years ago, he came to Marlinton, to engage in the retail drug business. Soon he branched out in the wholesale drug business and established the firm of S. B. Wallace & Company. He was president and general manager of this Company through all the years since its establishment. In addition he owned and operated a large farm until about a year ago. For more than twenty-five years he was president of the Pocahontas County Fair.

The deceased was a native of Rockbridge County Virginia, a son of the late William Wallace, of Fairfield. His mother's name was Harris. He first married Miss Eleanor V. Bennick, of New Market, Va., who preceded him in death ten or twelve years since.

#### KERSHNER—HINGARDNER

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hingardner Spring Creek announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Melva M. Hingardner, to Curtis M. Kershner, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Kershner of Frankford. The ring ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. B. Evans at the Second Presbyterian church of Philadelphia, Pa., on Nov. 30. The bride wore a street length frock of brown with matching accessories. Her flowers were a shoulder corsage of pink buds.

The bride is employed by Unit Specialties Co. of Philadelphia as drafts woman. The groom is a First Class Petty officer in the U. S. Navy reserve.



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Sunday Nov. 12, 1944

Oak Grove Choir  
Rev. J. K. Fleming  
Hillsboro, W. Va.

Dear Mr. Fleming:

I wish very much to take this time to express my appreciation for the card from the group. There is no way I can write just how much it meant to me. The day it arrived I was very uncomfortable and depressed, sitting in a fox hole after being in the rain for several days with the confusion of warfare about me.

The inspiration and encouragement it brought, you will never know. The attitude and feeling from which it came was Godly, I know, for His presence seemed to be about me.

I pray God's Blessing upon each member of the Choir and that the work rendered by them will be felt in the service and Congregation of the Church.

Often I think of the practice meetings and the warm fellowship derived from them. Give my regards to each member, that they will continue in the good work they are doing.

Sincerely yours,

Basil.

The above letter was recently received from Basil C. Sharp, now with the Seventh Army on the German Border.



You Name It; West Virginia's Got It

West Virginians must look at a list of West Virginia place names can be entertaining and instructive. Mercer County, one learns, has a Flat Top. And it is nice to know that in Raleigh, one can find Prosperity. But in Morgan, it's Omps!

Consider Munday in Wirt County and Thursday in Ritchie. Or Cyclone in Wyo-

oming, Tornado in Kanawha, and Hurricane in Putnam. In Wirt it's just Windy.

There is a Cornstalk in Greenbrier, a Cucumber in McDowell, an Apple Grove in Mason. Hardy has a Baker, and Mingo has Pie Crum. Hardy also has a Fisher, and Greenbrier has Trout.

There is a Left Hand in Roane, a Widemouth in Mercer, and Raleigh has a Skelton. McDowell has Six, but Weitzell has a Hundred.

Preston has Independence; Putnam, Liberty; and Mingo, Justice. There is a Duck in Clay, a Pigeon in Roane, a Bob White in Boone, and Raleigh has a Blue Jay.

Thoughts of far away places are stirred by London in Kanawha, Berlin in Lewis, Vienna in Wood, Sophia (my hometown) in Raleigh, Cairo in Ritchie, and Shanghai in Berkeley but Hardy has a Lost City.

Braxton has a Flower, Boone a Bloomingrose, and Cabell has Clover. Lincoln has both Sod and Mud.

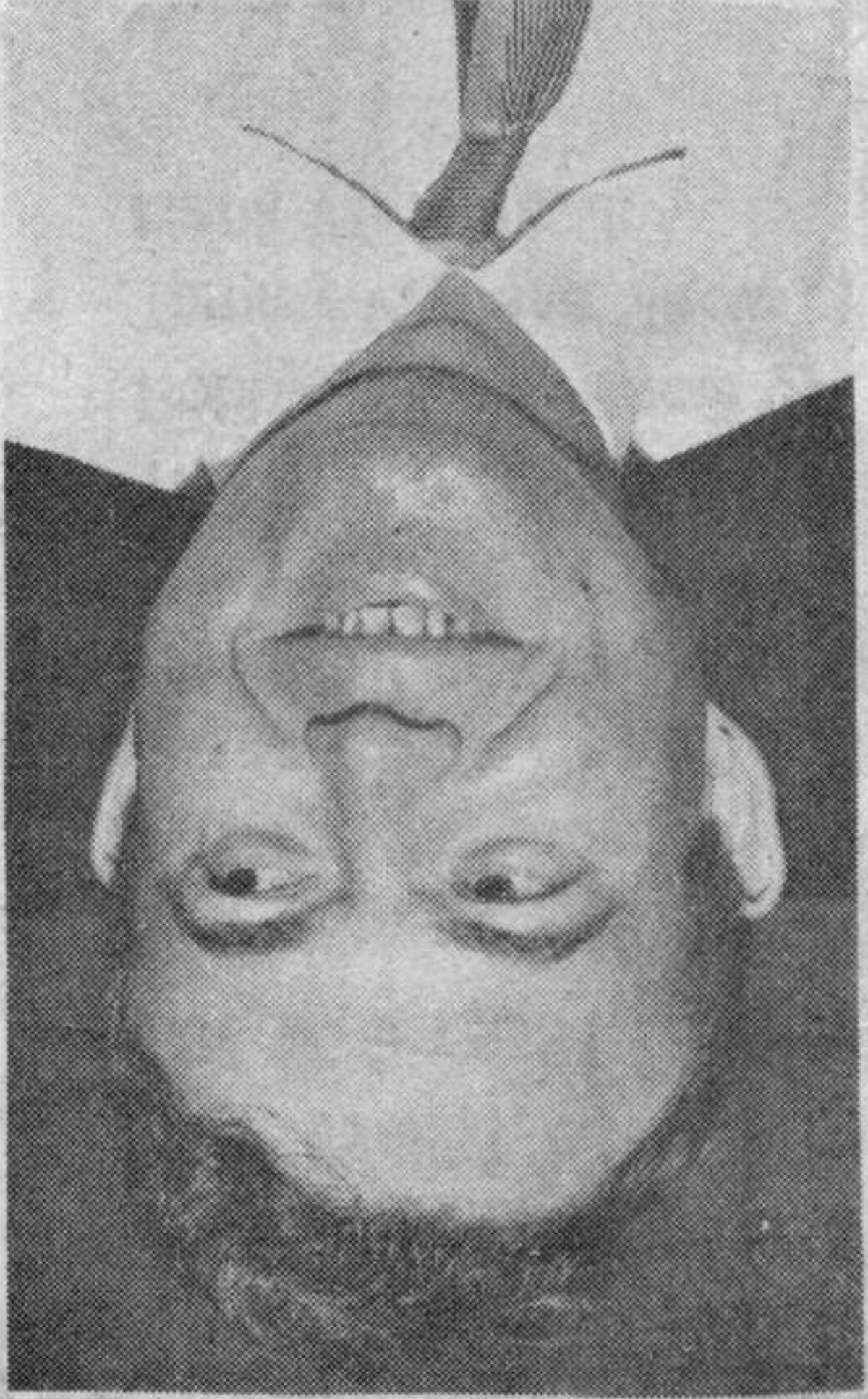
Alice is in Gilmer, Ethel in Logan, Shirley in Tyler, Chloe in Calhoun, and Ida-May in Marion—while Frank is in Pocahontas, Henry in Grant, Leroy in Jackson, Alexander in Upshur, and Jack in Webster. Bud is in Wyoming and Junior in Barbour. Big Isaac is in Doddridge. Old Arthur is in Grant.

There is a Beaver in Raleigh, a Buffalo in Putnam, a Wildcat in Lewis, a Panther in McDowell, a Wolf in Mercer—and Wyoming has a Wolf Pen.

Braxton has Heaters; but Raleigh has a Cool Ridge, and Pocahontas has Frost. Greenbrier has Sunlight, and Raleigh a Sundial; but Ohio and Boone have Twilight.

Greenbrier has an Auto and Ritchie a Pullman. Wirt has Burning Springs and Ritchie a Burnt House. Randolph and Upshur each has a Burnt Bridge, and Morgan has a Burnt Factory.

There is Comfort in Boone and Harmony in Roane; but McDowell has War.



The following letter written to Dr. T. R. McClure while he was sick in the hospital was read at the memorial service Tuesday.

Dear Dr. McClure,

How many, many times I've thought of you, and yes—prayed for you since you entered the hospital. I often wonder if folks—yes, your deeply devoted friends—have told you what you us all, as we depended whole-heartedly upon your sincere advice. When we came to you you were like a father giving your best to an only child, a loyalty and dedication not only to your profession, but far beyond that—a dedication to this rural community of all who believed and put their trust in you.

How many of us can look back to the surgery you performed, to the broken bones you set with accuracy and assurance, to the peace of mind you have given each of us when we left your office that "All is well"?

Many times I've been told when your patients go to nearby hospitals, physicians have said, "why do you come to me? You have a dedicated, competent doctor in your midst—Dr. McClure, who is an excellent diagnostician."

Although we hear your praises sung daily, (and far from least we are extremely concerned over your condition), I do so hope you too are hearing, and have heard, many grateful hearts expressing their gratitude to you.

We are so wrapped up in ourselves and our own little world that it takes a crisis to jerk us loose, and pause, to say, "Thank you, God, for this wonderful, dedicated doctor who gave his best years for us."

Many are those with whom you have stayed at their bedside during those critical hours. And too, I can't forget when you stayed after office hours, late at night—maybe till the wee hours—taking full responsibility for seeing that a seriously ill child had the best specialist from your phone calls and perserverance.

And we can all thank you for this too—when you didn't know the answer you said so! (We knew you weren't going to experiment with new medications—you thought too much of us!)

When our Heavenly Father looks down upon you, may he smilingly say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Affectionately, Name withheld by request (My heart swells with pride to have been one of your patients.)

Cecil Pitt

Cecil Mathew Pitt, 69, of Mill Point, died Friday, September 8, 1978, at a friend's home in Marlinton of an apparent heart attack.

Born January 19, 1909, he was the son of the late Abe and Rennie Pitt.

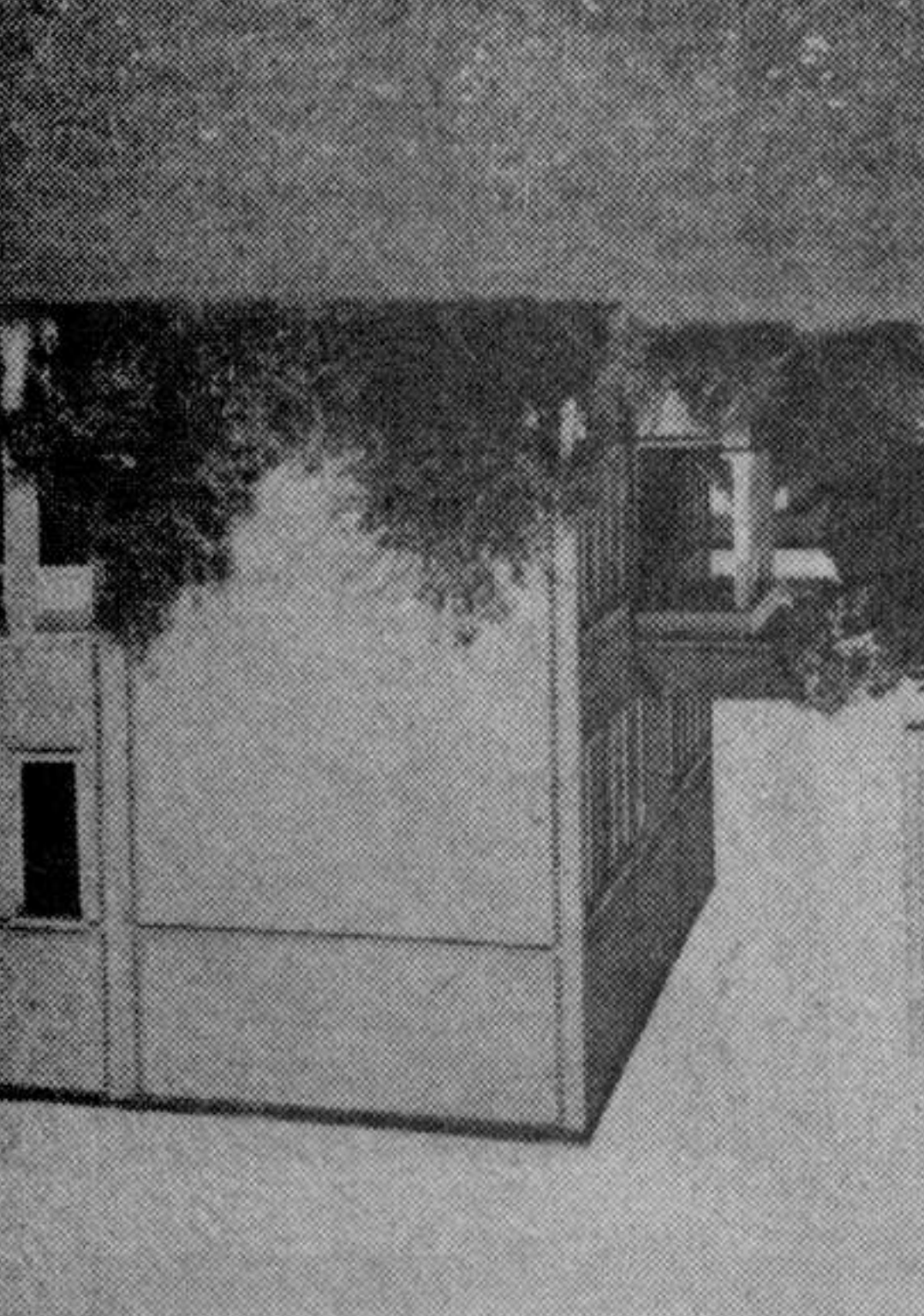
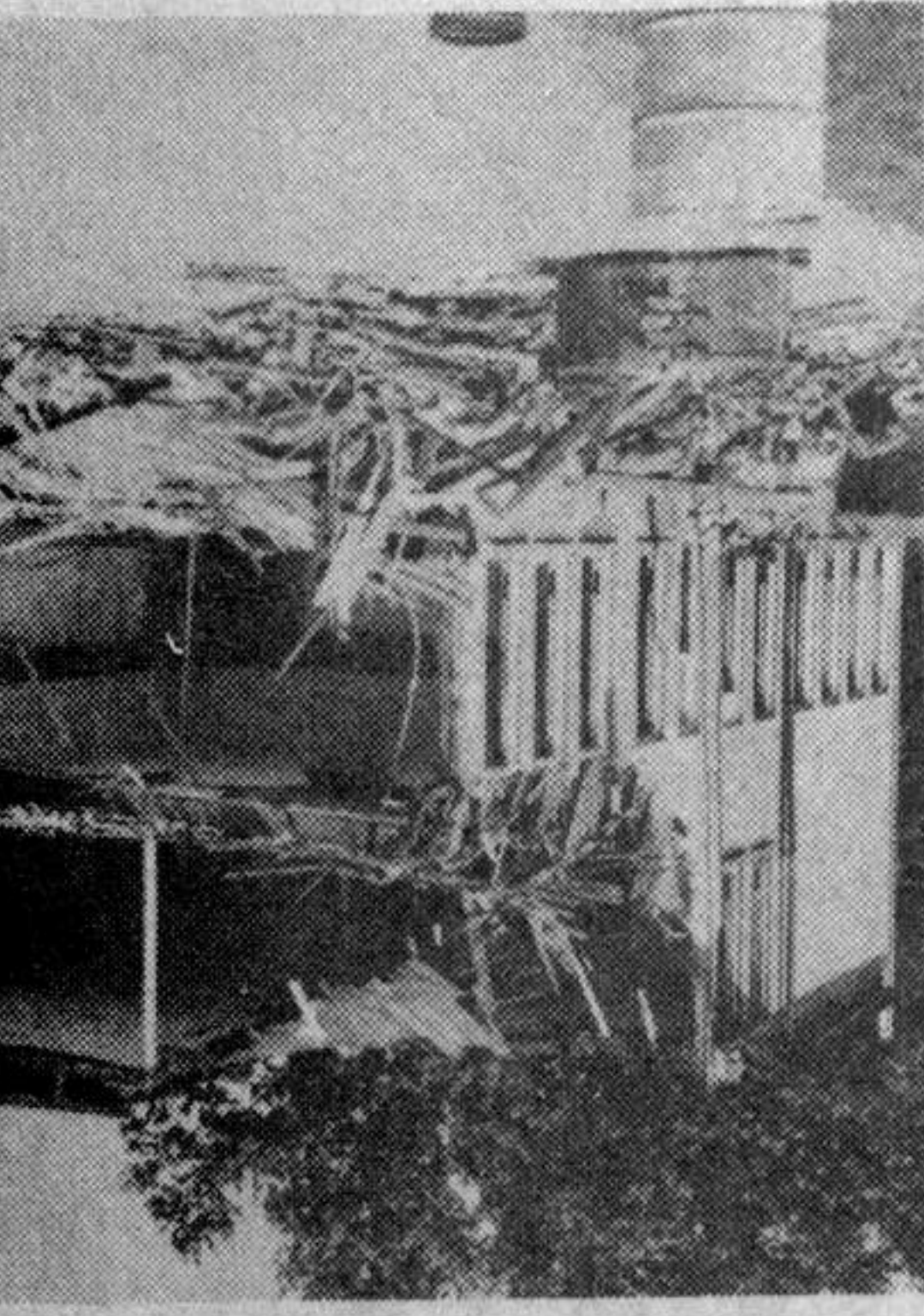
Survivors include his wife, Ethel; one brother, Winters, of Buckeye, and one sister, Mrs. Nellie Barrett, of Marlinton.

Services were held at two p. m. Sunday in VanReenen Funeral Home Chapel. Burial was in Oak Grove Cemetery.

School Construction

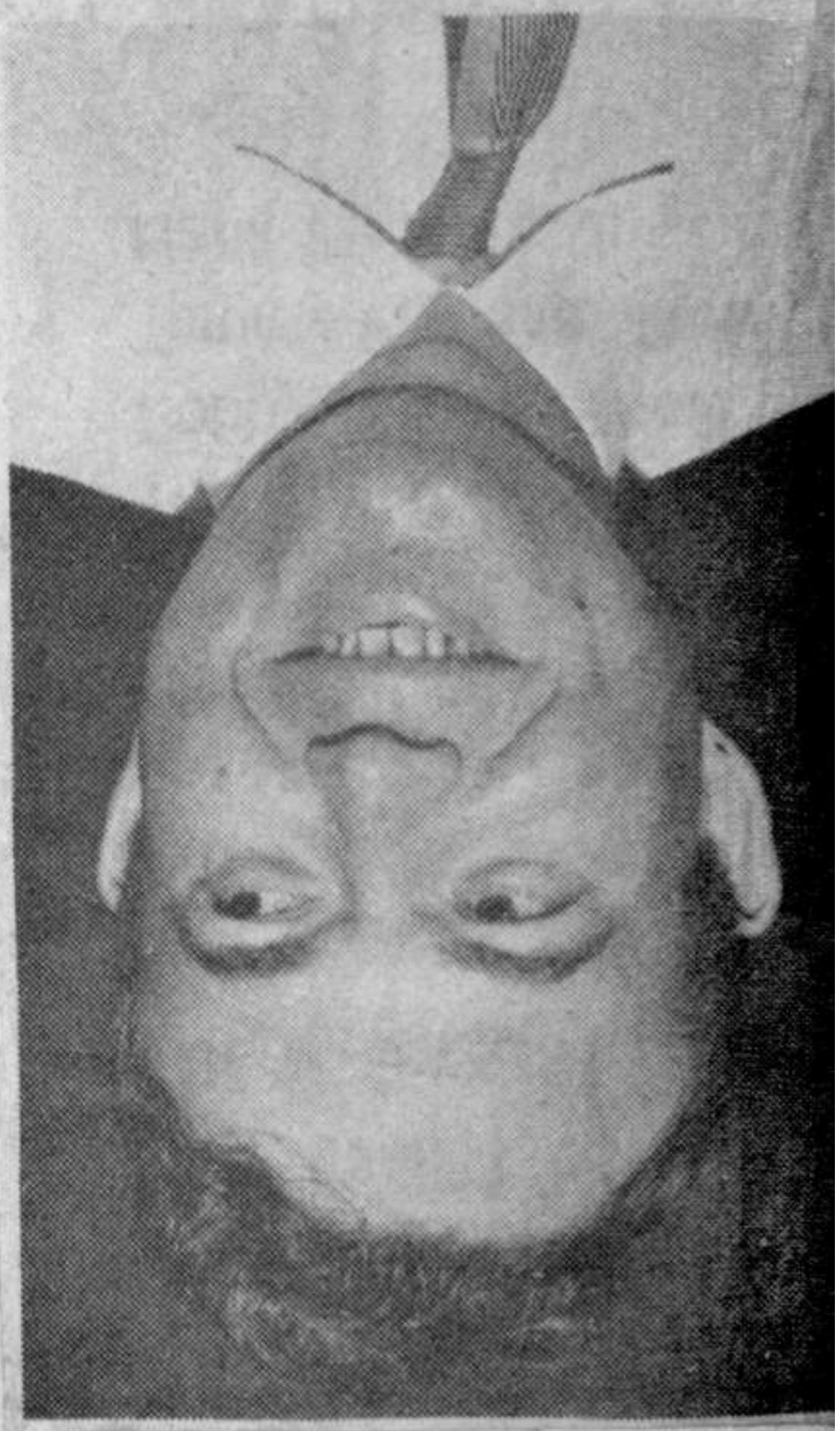
Construction activity on the three new classroom buildings for Pocahontas County Schools has gotten well under way.

At Green Bank the concrete for the footers was poured on Monday. At Hillsboro, demolition of the old elementary school building started this week. The photos showing this building were taken on Sunday and Tuesday. At Marlinton the temporary classrooms in the construction area are being moved. Work on the foundations at Hillsboro and Marlinton is scheduled to begin next week.





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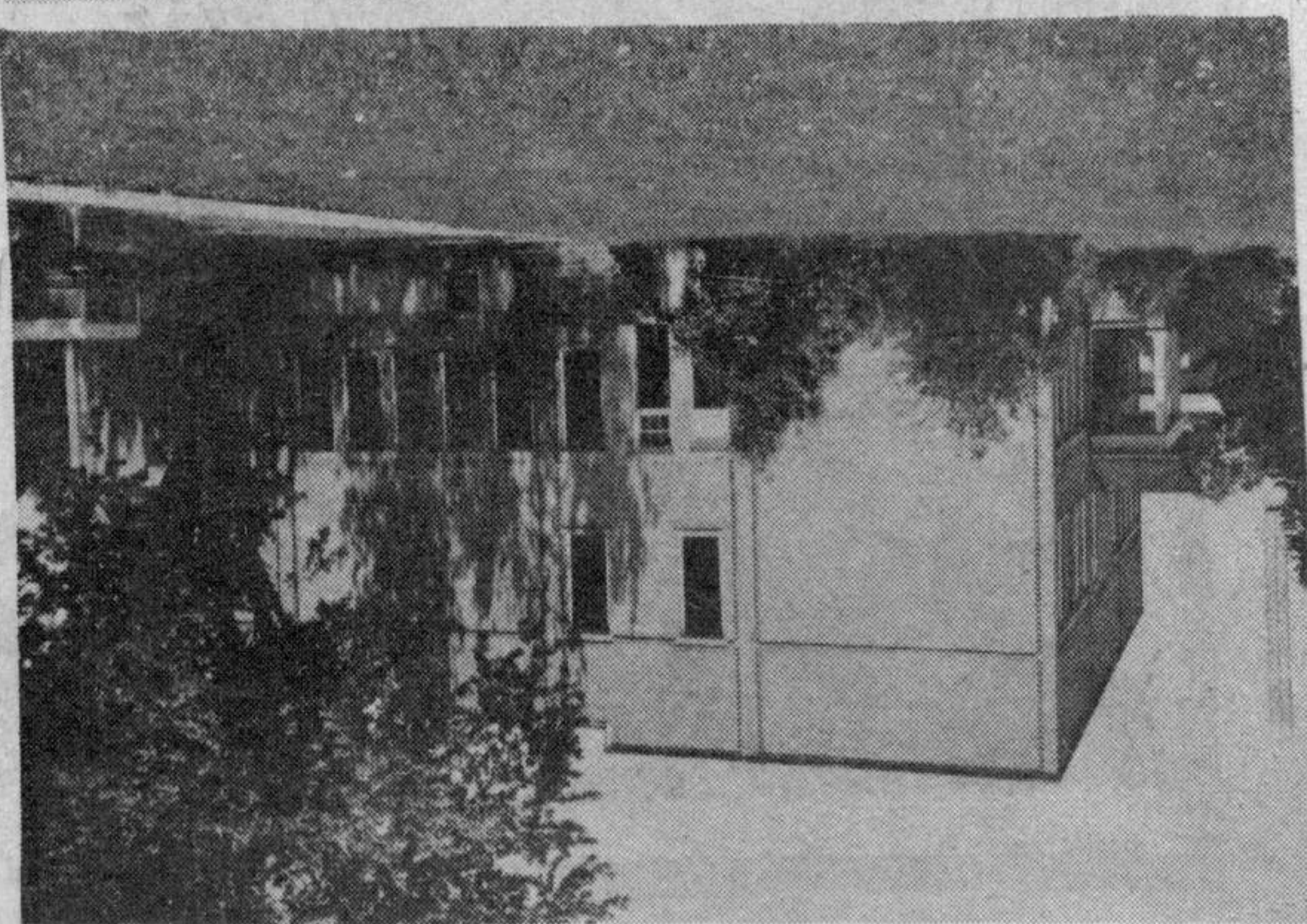
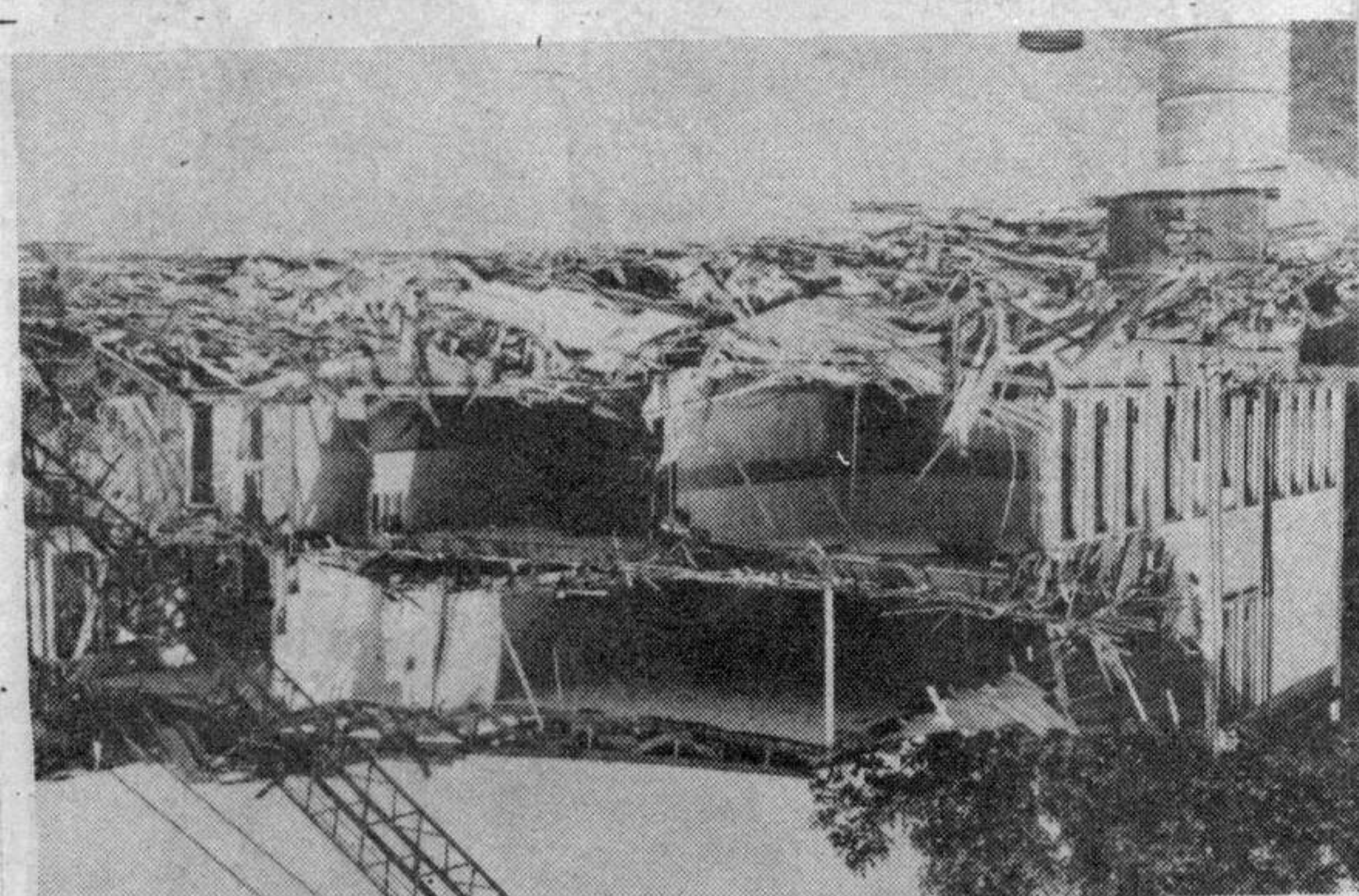
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Hillsboro School



Demolition Worked June 20, 1977